

## Cutting away

by [Patrick Cabello Hansel](#) in the [October 25, 2017](#) issue

It was a small shop: one barber chair,  
one barber, three magazines in front  
of the plate glass windows—True,  
Field & Stream, America. The middle  
son washed the windows every week.  
The men who sat worked at the plant,  
drove truck, drilled a few teeth,  
sold quality suits, used cars and cuts  
of meat, painted houses, stole.  
You can learn a lot by holding  
a man's head in one hand  
and a razor in another. The sins  
dripped out of the stories they told  
like honey. Most were used to a kind  
of confession in darkness—a voice  
a foot away, words of repentance  
as far away as the setting sun is  
from its rising. Transgressions  
were not erased as much as shaved  
down by prayers mumbled in the back  
pew. But here, at Walt's Barber Shop,  
each hair and the trespasses it pulled at  
fell like pigeon feathers to the floor,  
like rain, like wafers sprinkled in  
coriander. No bloodletting in this  
20th of centuries, no guarding of anger  
forever. The hairs—like our sins—  
were not held against us but swept  
away at the end of the day, the brown  
and red and gold alike. We were not  
saved by the pain of our cutting, but

by its graceful release. All that was  
needed was faith—simple, humble,  
kind—like the seed of the mustard,  
or the gel that made the front of a crew  
cut stand up straight: a blessing that drew  
the eye only towards the newly made face.